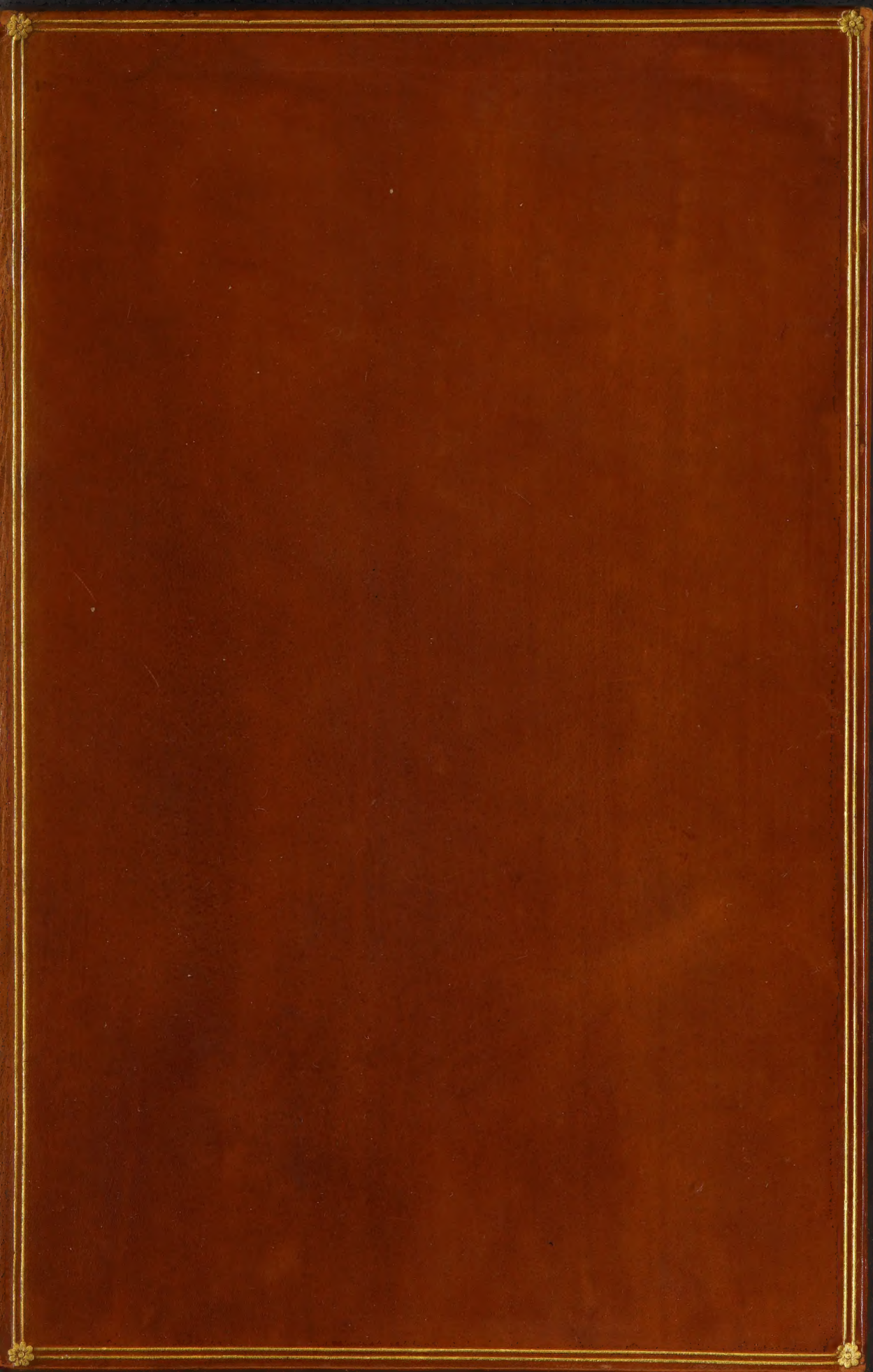
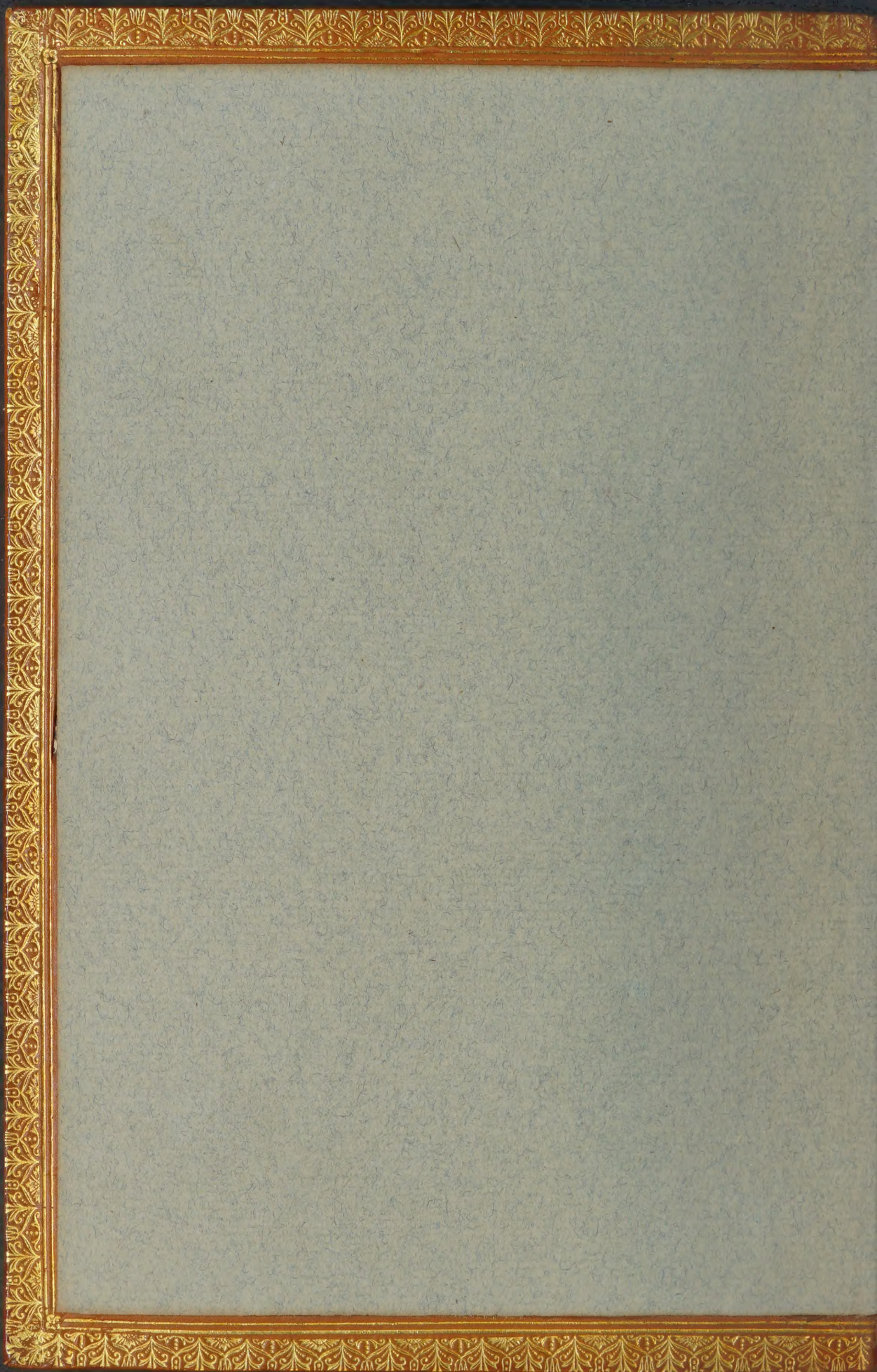
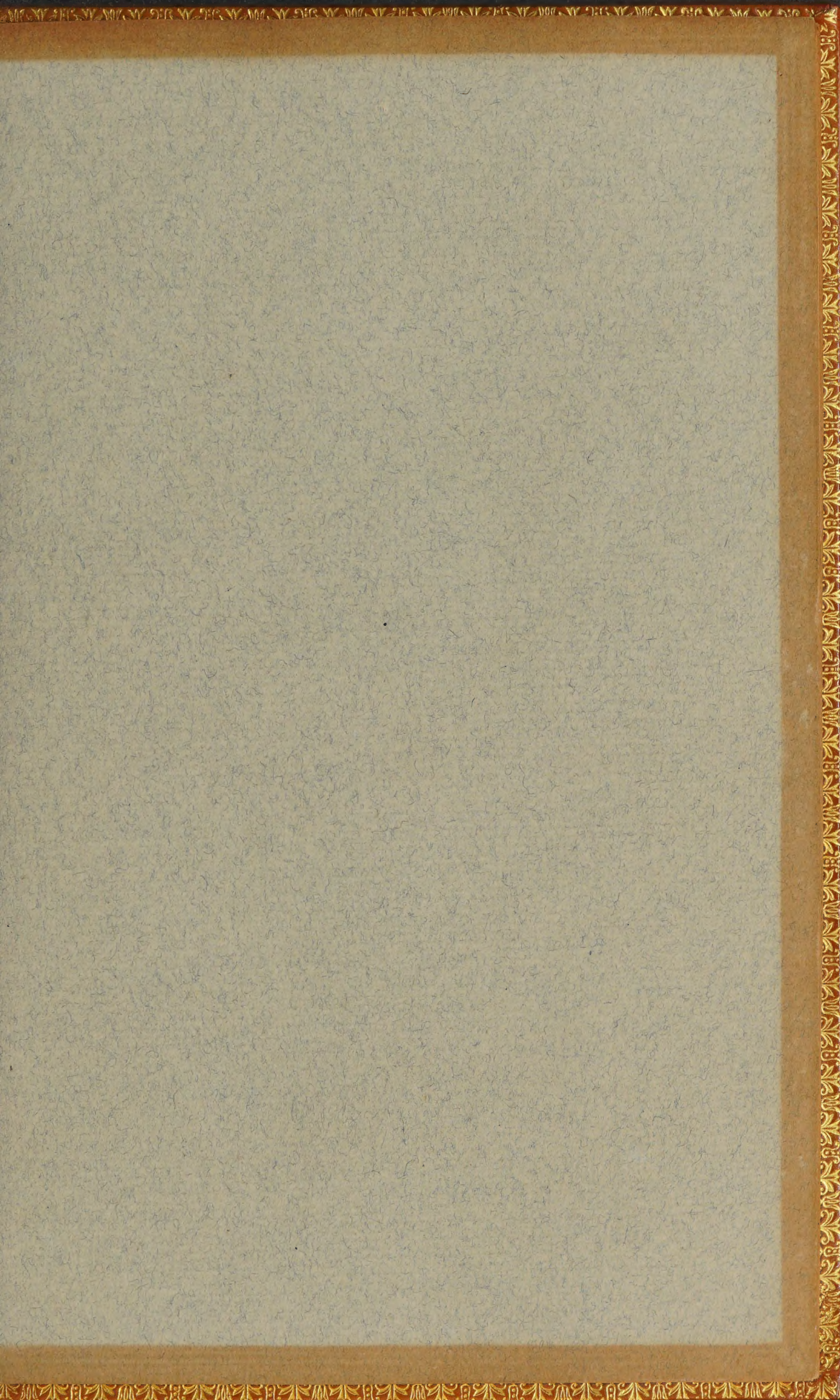
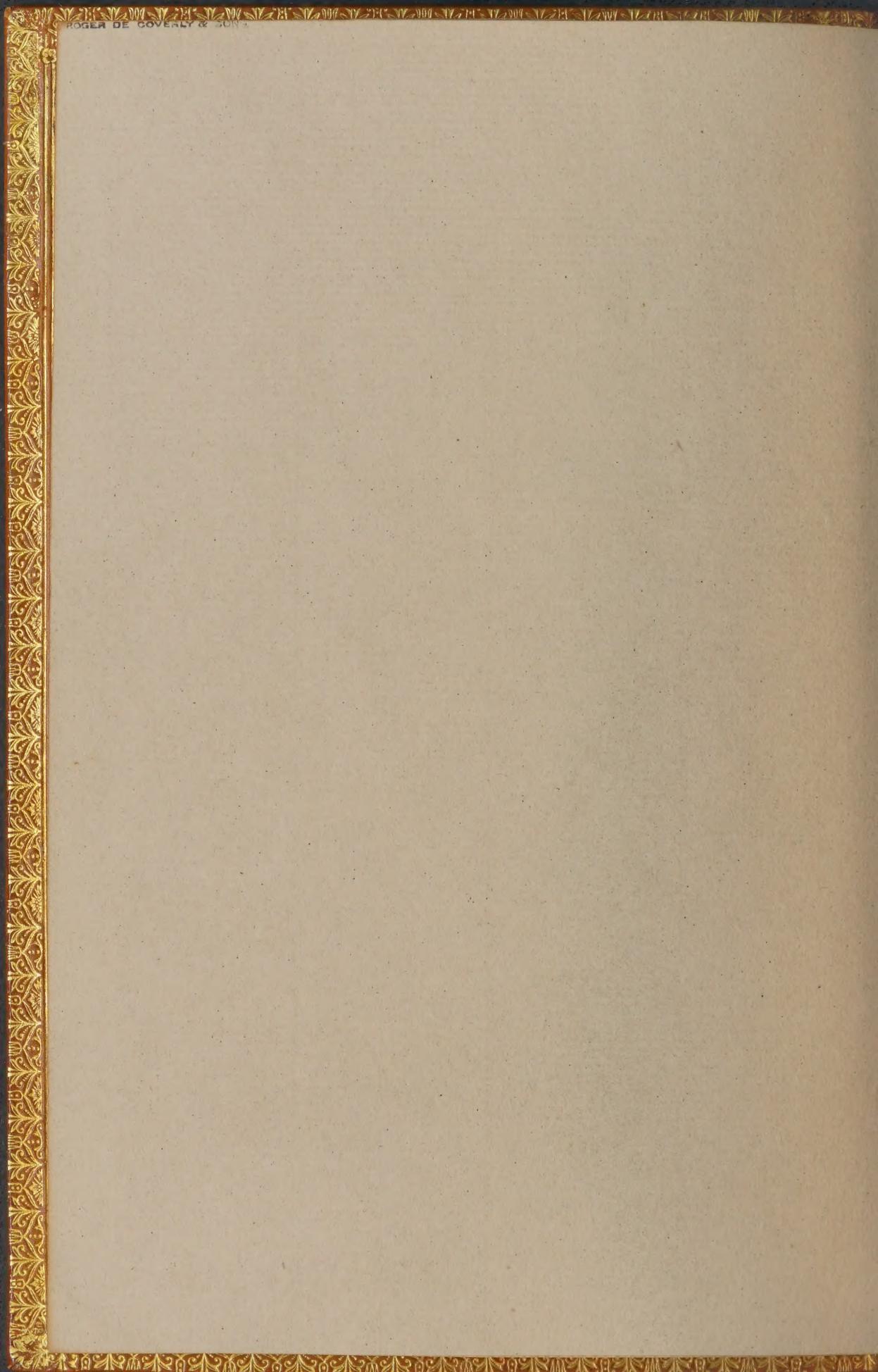
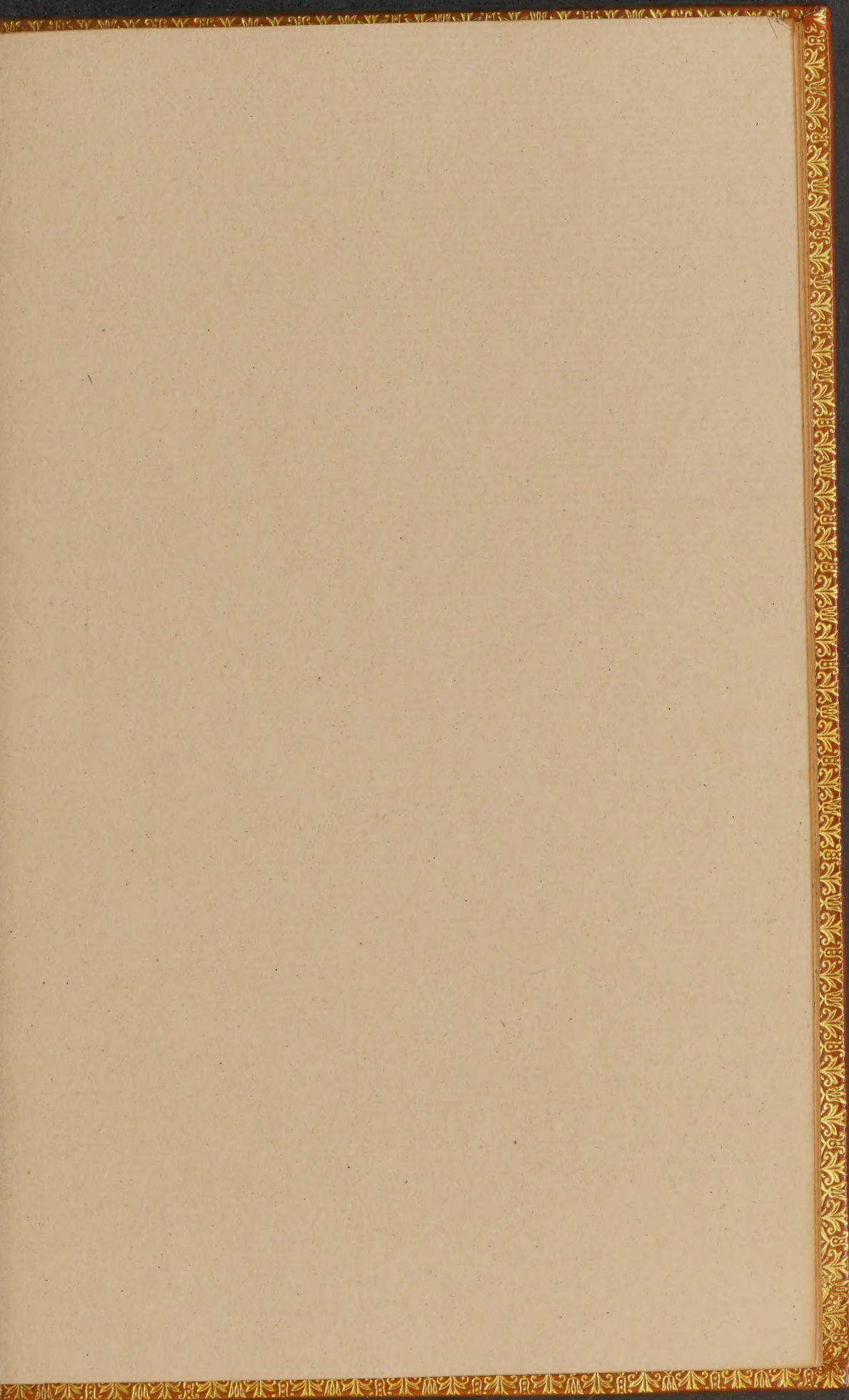


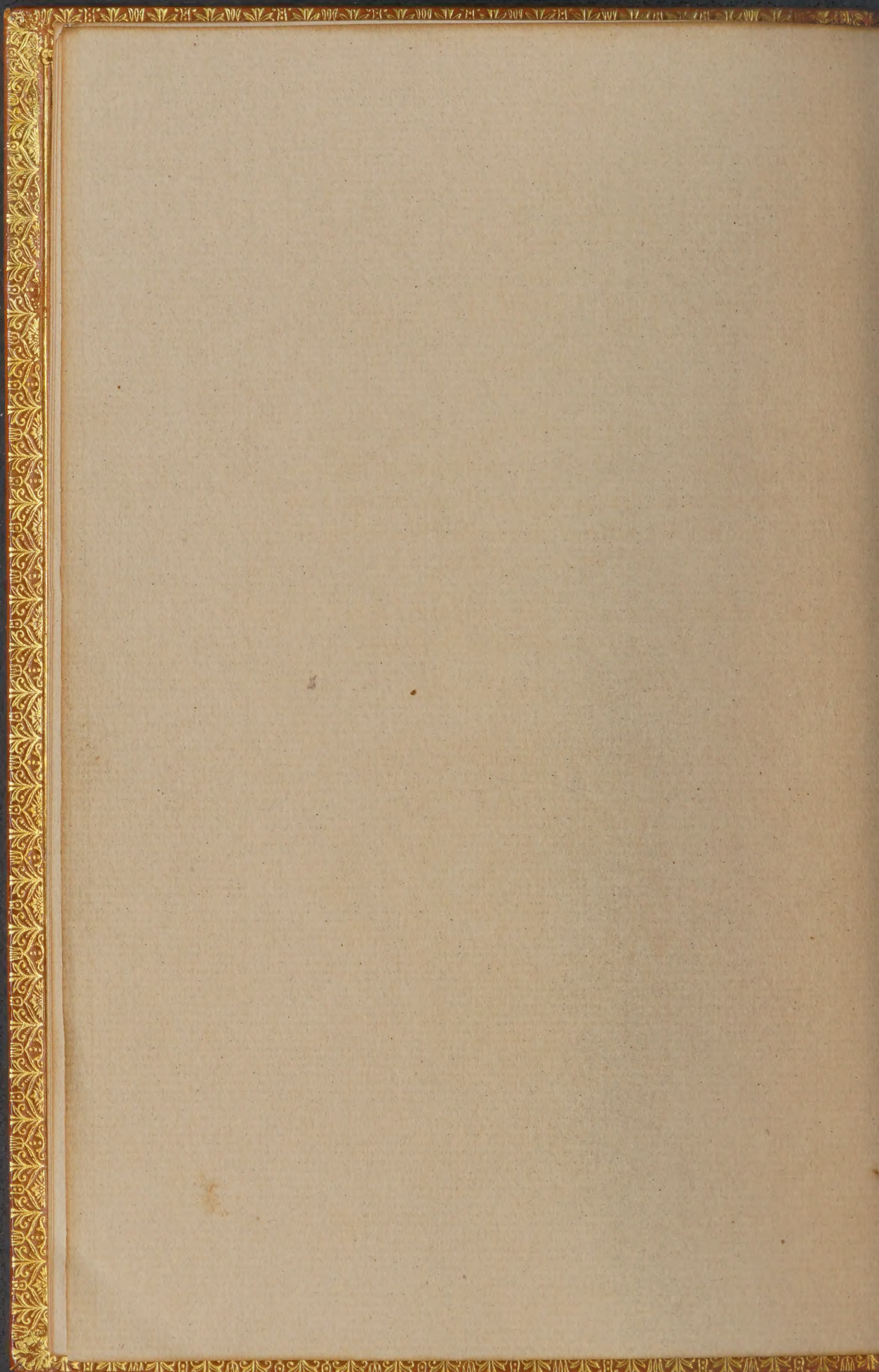












THE TRAGEDIE of King Richard the third.

Containing his treacherous Plots against his
brother *Clarence*: the pitiful murther of his innocent
Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with
the whole course of his detested life, and most
deserued death.

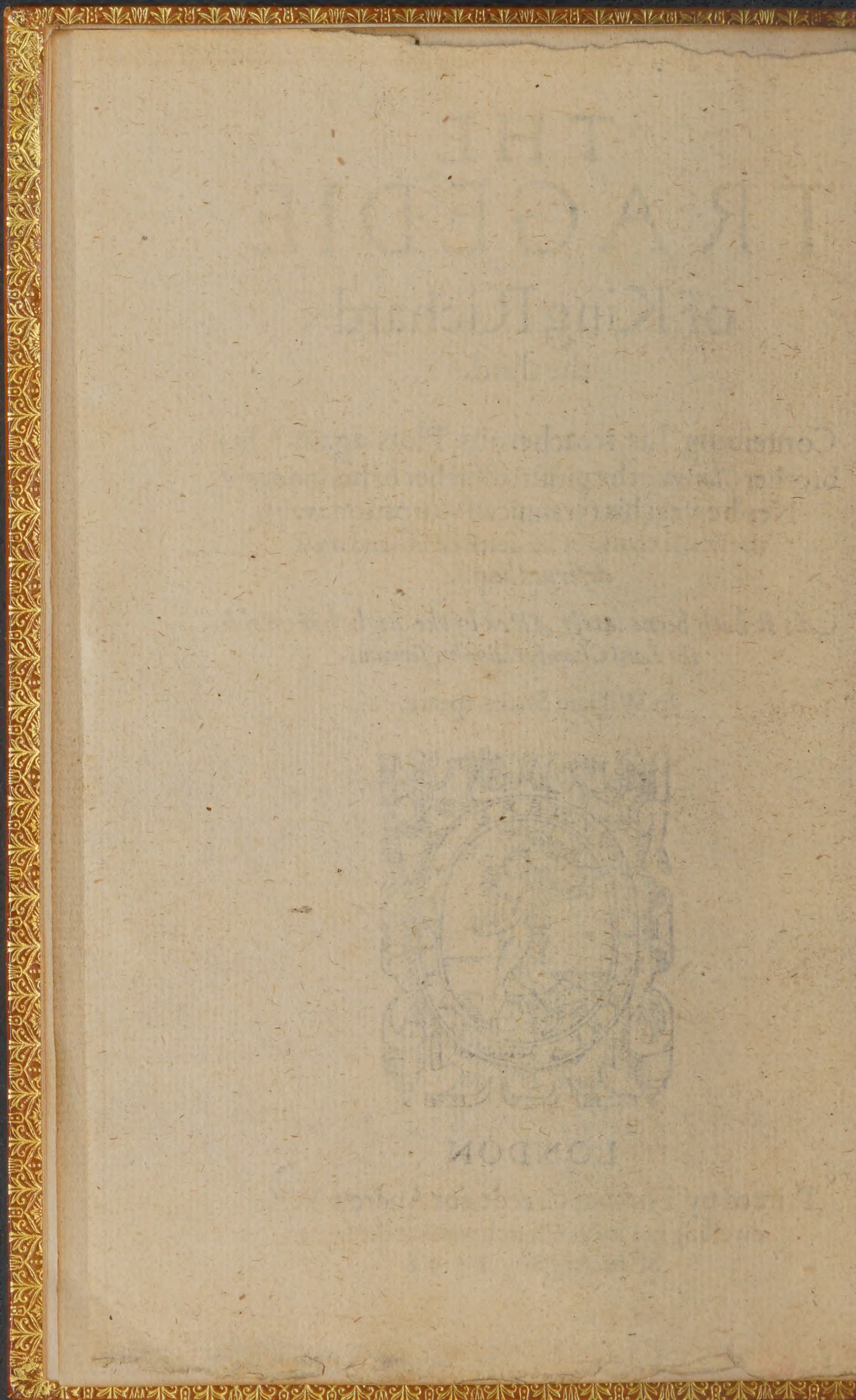
*As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*

By William Shake-speare.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the Angell. 1598.



of Richard the third.

Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Clu. By heauen I thinke there is no man is securde,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliuerie.

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie.
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the king,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maiestie hath straightlie giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the king
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire and not iealous.
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How say you sir, can you denie all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke, (beare
We

The Tragedie

Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes abiects and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cla. I must perforce, farewell.

Exit Cla.

Glo. Go tread the path that thou shalt neare returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While kights and bussards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The king is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,

of Richard the third.

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene, and her allies,
Thar stirre the King against the Duke my brother.

Now they beleue me, and withall whet me,
To be reuengde on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray:
Bnt then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture.
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:

And thus I cloath my naked villanie,
With old odde ends, stolne out of holy writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the Diuell:

But soft, here comes my executioners. *Enter executioners.*

How now my hardie stout resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

Exccu. We are, my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:

But sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withall, obdurate, do not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,

May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.

Exec. Tush, feare not, my Lo. we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be assured:

We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eies drop millstones, when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenburie.

Bro. Why looks your grace so heauily to day?

Clar. Oh, I haue past a miserable night,

So full of vgly sights, of gastly dreames,

That as I am a Christian faithfull man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,

So full of dismall terror was the time.

Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.

Cla. Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundie.

And in my companie my brother Gloucester.

Who from my cabbिन tempted me to walke,

Vpon

The Tragedie

Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddie footing of the hatches,
Me thought that Glocester stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me (that thought to stay him) ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in mine eares,
What vgly sights of deareh within mine eies:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of golde, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnuallued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As't were in scorne of eyes reflecting gems,
Which wooed the slimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?

Clar. Me thought I had: for still the enuious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To seeke the emptie, vast, and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kindome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law; renowned Warwicke,
Who cried alowd, what scourge for periurie.
Can this darke monarchie affoord false Clarence,
And so he vanisht: then came wandring by;

A sha-

of Richard the third.

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Our former hatred so thriue I and mine.

Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part sha'll be vnuiolable.

Hast. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kin. Now Princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart :

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here ,
To make the perfect period of this peace, *Enter Gloucester.*

Buc. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King & Queene,
And princely Peeres, a happie time of day.

Kin. Happie indeede, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie :
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate.
Betweene these swelling wrong insenced Peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour my most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to this friendly peace,
T'is death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First, Madame, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.

Of

The Tragedie

Of you my noble coosen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you Lo Riuer, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that English man aliue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My souereigne liege I do beseech your Maiestie,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this.
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You do him iniurie to scorne his corse.

Rin. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buck. Looke I so paile Lo Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lo, and no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his checkes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.

Glo. But he (poore soule by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to see him buried:

God grant that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Nearer in bloudie thoughts, but not in bloud:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,

And yet go currant from suspition. *Enter Darbie,*

Dar. A boone (my soueraine) for my seruice done.

Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.

Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandst.

Dar. The forfait soueraine of my seruants life.
Who slue to day a ryotous gentleman,
Latelie attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

Kin. Haue

of Richard the third.

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To *Rich.* Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghoast of Clarence.

Ghoast. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fulsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To *Rich.* Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile, liue and flourish.

Enter the ghoasts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

King. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the ghoasts of the two young Princes.

Ghoast to Ri. Dreame on thy Cosens smothered in the tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee flourish,

Enter the ghoast of Hastings.

Ghoast. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy dayes,
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaite and die.

To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghoast of Ladie Anne his wife.

Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That

The Tragedie

That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filsthy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword dispaire and die.

To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.

To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.

O Coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?

The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.

Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,

What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,

Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,

Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,

Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why?

Least I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?

Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good

That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?

O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,

For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:

I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.

Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,

My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,

And euerie tongue brings in a seuerall tale,

And euerie tale condemns me for a villaine:

Periurie

of Richard the third.

Periurie, periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pittie me :
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murtherd,
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Zoundes, who is there ?

Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the early village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearfull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true ?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue strooke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers.
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come, go with me,
Vnder our Tents I'e play the ewe dropper,
To see if any meane to shrink from me.

Exeun

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lor. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercie Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.

Lor. How haue you slept my Lord ?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe and fairest boding dreames.
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.

Me

The Tragedie

Me thought their foules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lo. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countymen,
The leisure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged foules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? trulie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raisd in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A base foule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice, ward you as his souldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you do fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduaunce your standards, draw your willing swords,
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

But

of Richard the third.

But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you, shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldlie, and chearefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.

Rat. He smiled and said, tbe better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:

Tell the clocke there. *The clocke striketh.*

Giue me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue braud the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The sunne will not be scene to day,
The skie doth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these dewie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-same heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes sadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth, my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equallie of horse and soore,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side,
Shall be well winged with our cheefest horse:
This, and Saint George to bootes, what thinkest thou Nor.

The Tragedie.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He bewails
him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.

*lockey of Norfolk be not so bold,
For Dicken thy master is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Go Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:
Conscience is but a word that cowards vse,
Deuised at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his Armie.

What shall I say more then I haue inferd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runawaies,
A scum of Brittain, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desperate aduentures and assurd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers colt,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers wearie of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittain whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yemen,

Draw

of Richard the third.

Draw archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken stauers,
What saies lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My lord, he doth denie to come,

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My lord, the enimie is past the marsh,
After the battaile let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand harts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage fare saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helmes.

Exeunt.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cates. Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire lord, or else the day is lost.

Enter Richard.

King. A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

Cates. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fieue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

*Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richards is
slain, then retrain. being sounded. Enter Richmōd, Darby, bea-
ring the crowne, with other Lords, &c.*

Rich. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloodie dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped roialties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enioy it, and make much of it.

Rich.

The Tragedie

Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all,
But tell me is young George Stanley living.

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Lester Towre.
Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

*John Duke of Norffolke, Water Lord Ferris, sir Robert
Brookenbury, & sir William Brandon.*

Rich. Inter their bodies, as become their births.
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,

And then as we haue said the first time,

We will vnite the white rose and the red.

Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction;

That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,

What traitor heares me, and saies not Amen?

England hath long beene madde and scard her selfe,

The brother blindlie shed the brothers blood,

The father rashlie slaughtered his owne sonne,

The sonne compeld, been butcher to the sile,

All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,

Diuided in their dire diuision.

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeders of each royall house,

By Gods faire ordinance conioine together,

And let their heires (God if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fast peace,

With smiling plentie and faire prosperous daies,

Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,

That wou'd reduce these bloudie daies againe,

And make poore England weepe in streames of bloud,

Let them not liue to taste this lands increase,

That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,

Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,

That she may long liue heare, God say Amen.

F I N I S.



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